

OUR DUMB

NOVEMBER 1942

Animals



YOU TAKE THE SOFT SEAT, "CINDY."

—Photo, Charles J. Gaede

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

and the

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



Editor — WILLIAM A. SWALLOW
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, sixty cents each, within the United States, one dollar each in Canada or foreign countries.



MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

IMPORTANT

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Animals

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THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
AND

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



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Too Many Weeks!

MORE than thirty years ago our Society instigated Be Kind to Animals Week—an event which has since been celebrated annually by the nation's Humane Societies, by schools and by thousands of individual humanitarians.

The American Humane Association rightly sponsors the event today and renders a great service to all humane groups, by providing the National Kindness Week poster, radio scripts—even complete daily programs. The purpose of the special week now, as when it was originally conceived, is to remind the nation of man's great debt to the animal world and to encourage more kindly treatment of the unfortunate creatures below us. It was never intended as a fund-raising scheme or as a means to promote anything—but Kindness.

In recent years, however, we have noticed other “animal” weeks coming into existence. First, National Dog Week, now National Cat Week. Next we can expect National Rabbit, Goat, Canary and Goldfish Weeks! We all remember the story about “too many cooks!” Then what about too many weeks?

Are we not confusing the animal-loving public with all these separate celebrations? Be Kind to Animals Week is an event broad enough in scope to take in all members of the animal kingdom, and yet, groups or individuals who wish to publicize the cause of dogs or cats, or any other animal, can readily do so during Kindness Week. The young man in Columbus, Ohio, who won recognition by the American Veterinary Medical Association for developing National Cat Week should under no circumstances be discouraged, but rather applauded for his efforts to protect the cat—an animal which certainly needs it, but it seems to us that a united effort on one National Week would bring far better results than all the individual weeks now offered.

Our views should not be construed as criticism of the sponsors of other animal weeks. We all labor for the same cause and strive for better understanding and treatment of all animals. Our thesis is an attempt to point up the dubious practice of dividing public interest to individual species of animals, rather than uniting in one, great annual Be Kind to Animals Week.

E. H. H.



One section of our animal cemetery at Methuen.

"Hillside Acre"

THIS is the name of our small animal cemetery at Methuen, where thousands of beloved pets have found their final resting place. This peaceful spot is visited almost daily by some person or persons, whose well-remembered pet has found, at last, its ultimate sanctuary.

Here, one may wander up a shaded hillside, across a grassy knoll, along the level beauty of stone-dotted sod, wherein, in comforting repose lie these last remains.

Fitting it is that adjacent to the cemetery is our small animal shelter and rest farm for horses, where these animals may live out their lives in contentment.

We were, naturally, more than pleased to receive the following letter from a friend of our Society:

"Recently Mrs. Goodwin and I visited the grave of our 'Sandy' at Hillside Acre for the first time.

"What a wonderful place you have there—and so well kept. It is so beautiful that I fail to find words to describe it properly. It seems to say right out in words—'Here is peace and happiness, at last.'

"And your Rest Farm—a beautiful location—everything about it so neat and well kept and, best of all, the animals all act so happy and ready to greet strangers, instead of being afraid of them.

"I am writing this letter to you principally because I want you to know how much I appreciate the hospitality extended to my wife and to me by your Superintendent Joseph Haswell.

"As I said before, this was our first

visit, and the hospitality, kindness and courtesy of Mr. Haswell in showing us all around deserves commendation.

"I enclose some pictures I took there which may interest you. I call your special attention to one of Mr. Haswell holding a kitten. The expression on his face shows that he loves animals and is certainly the right man for the place."



Superintendent Haswell and kitten.

Here and There

GENTLENESS and cheerfulness — these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties. And it is the trouble with moral men that they have neither one nor other. If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it, they are wrong. I do not say "give them up," for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people.

—R. L. Stevenson

LONG centuries ago, centuries before our own era, in the days of that famous oriental King Cyrus, he was asked by Croesus, a King whom he had conquered, why he made war. In his answer, Cyrus not only said that no man in his senses would prefer war to peace, but he also added, "Because in peace times sons bury their fathers; in war times fathers bury their sons."

IF we could select as a motto a single sentence to hang above the table around which the dignitaries and representatives of the United Nations conferences sit, in an endeavor to iron out the world's differences, it would be this: "Above all nations is humanity."

IT was no shallow optimist, but so wise and thoughtful a man as Montaigne who wrote, "There is no greater evidence of wisdom than a continual cheerfulness." No one ever crossed the street to get rid of meeting our old friends the Brothers Cheeryble. Even four-footed animals know the difference between Mr. Growl-at-Everything and his neighbor, Mr. See-the-Good.

LOVING kindness is worth more than all self-sacrifices.

Forgive, and God will forgive thee.

Love is greater than alms.

Alms require the giving of money—love, the giving of self.

Alms are only for the poor—the rich need love as well.

The good man of all the Gentile races will inherit the world to come.

—From the Jewish Talmud

THAT famous Jonathan Swift, widely known in the world of English literature, who died just two centuries ago, once wrote, "I hate and detest that animal called 'man,' although I dearly love John, Peter and Thomas." There are people today who love animals. *Their* animals. Who love children. *Their* children. But *your* animals and *mine*? *Your* children and *mine*? That's another matter.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

The richest source of all animal stories is the daily press. Here is found warm, human interest tales of animals in everyday life—their actions as they are expressed in the lives of human beings among whom they live. Following are a few of these stories in which we feel sure our readers will be interested. —Editor

ANYONE interested in baseball, and who isn't these days, recognizes the saying, "from Tinker, to Evers, to Chance." Well, this famous double play of the old days, had nothing on two rats out in Los Angeles. A sanitary inspector, making his rounds recently, discovered these two rodents handling eggs in a double-play combination.

The city health department official declares that he witnessed one rodent lying on its back, while holding an egg on its stomach with all four paws. And another rat was pulling it by the tail through a hole.

The inspector ripped off a lath covering the hole and found two dozen eggs and nearly 300 walnuts. The game was called by the umpire.

* * * * *

We've heard of people having the strangest pets—almost anything from a flea to a lion, but we certainly would never think of a goose in this category—that is, not until we read about "Fritz." Fritz, it seems, is a goose and he has become the pal of a Chicago poultry salesman, Walter Hertz. Up to about a month ago, Fritz was just another fowl destined to be sold to the highest bidder. But then, he met Mr. Hertz.

Since that time, the two have been almost inseparable. Fritz will follow his master about, going wherever a goose is allowed. If Hertz walks, Fritz waddles along, too. If Hertz runs, so does Fritz. The salesman claims that his goose will even bite a stranger, if told to do so.

Sometimes, Hertz allows Fritz to follow him to a restaurant, where the bird stands loyally by, waiting for a morsel from the plate. Hertz explains that the only reason Fritz is still living at his business quarters is because he isn't quite sure just what Mrs. Hertz would say if he arrived home some evening with Fritz under his arm.

* * * * *

Investigating what they thought was a seal swimming ten miles out in the Pacific ocean, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lindstrum were in for a surprise recently. Returning from Santa Catalina Island to their home in Beverly Hills, California, the Lindstrums sighted an animal swimming the rolling swells of the ocean.

They went to investigate and found to their amazement that it was a little cocker spaniel. They just couldn't figure out how the dog happened to be at sea, or more accurately, in the sea, but, naturally, they rescued the grateful animal and brought him home.

The story and a picture were published in the papers and the publicity soon brought Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Watson, of Long Beach, to claim their dog. Appropriately enough, the dog's name turned out to be "Skipper."

It developed that Skipper had been aboard the Watson's yacht at Catalina for a week. On the way back to Long Beach, Skipper had evidently fallen overboard when no one was looking. The Watsons and the Lindstrums figured that the 18-month-old cocker must have been in the water about an hour before he was picked up.

* * * * *

Cats are, indeed, hardy animals. It took two years and probably eight of "Boot's" nine lives, but the feline pet of Mrs. Raymond McCullough, of Racine, Wisconsin, recently completed a 600-mile hike and has reached home, at last.

Mrs. McCullough shipped Boots, a gray Maltese, to the home of her mother, Mrs. E. J. Mosher, in Albion, Pennsylvania, just about two years ago. Boots stood the separation one month, then he disappeared and no amount of searching brought any clue to his whereabouts.

November 1947

Animals in the News



International News Photos

Farm life would be quite dreary without its great variety of animals, both pets and livestock. Their antics and fidelity have enlightened many a farmer's daily chores. In the above picture we show a kitten, rightfully resentful over an intrusion at her breakfast table of a burro named "Thunder." Both animals are owned by David Holstrum, of Geneseo, Illinois.

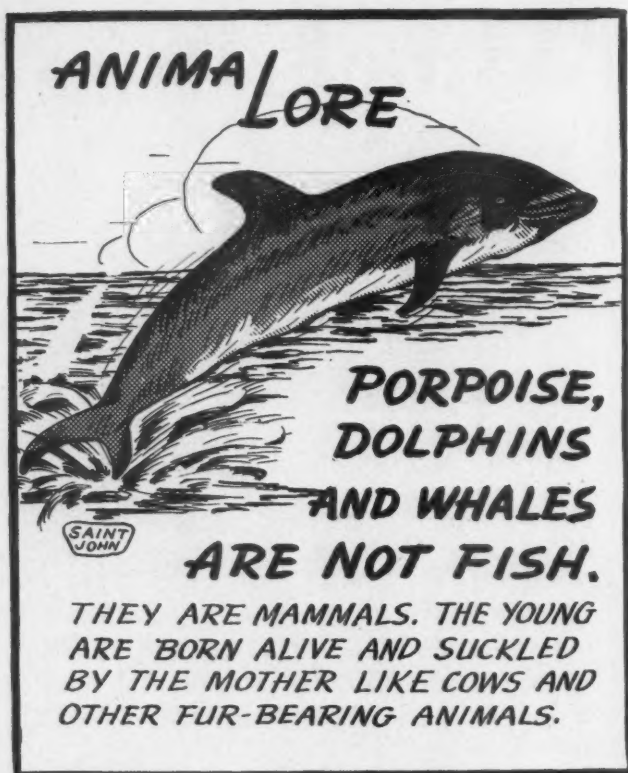
Then, one day, Mrs. McCullough, 600 miles away in Racine, Wisconsin, looked out of her window and saw Boots. She raised the sash. Boots leaped into the house, accepted a saucer of milk, sauntered leisurely to his favorite spot in back of the sofa and went to sleep.

* * * * *

Housing materials are certainly short in this country, but England must have a much more acute shortage. Even the birds are hard put to it to find nesting materials. At least, it would seem that way, and post office officials are convinced of it, since they found that a bird had robbed the mails. The bird had torn open a letter, extracted a check and used it to build a nest inside a mail box. The check was for twenty pounds—about eighty dollars in our money.

We must assume that American birds are hard hit, too. Out in Greenwood, Indiana, Mrs. Roy Hicks found robins and doves competing for the same nest on her front porch. And when they had both laid eggs in the nest, there wasn't enough room for both birds to sit on them.

Somebody had to move, and it was the doves, who finally gave up, moved away and left their eggs in the nest. Mrs. Hicks says she is waiting to see what happens when Mrs. Robin sees doves popping out of some of her eggs.



Strange Money

IN various parts of the world there have been many mediums of exchange, that is, very strange things have been used for money. It is interesting to note that insects, birds, fish, and animals—both wild and domesticated—have been highly respected forms of currency.

We are even indebted to animals for the very name of "money," inasmuch as the Latin word for money, *pecunia*, is derived from *pecus*, meaning "cattle."

Sea shells were one of the earliest forms of money, and the small shell known as the "cowrie" is still used in some parts of India.

The cow was the monetary unit among the Gauls, Germans, Angles and Saxons. As late as the fourth century, Romans paid their fines and taxes in cattle and sheep.

In Ireland, pigs and sheep, known as "living money" were the equivalent of currency.

Red feathers of a small bird known as the Scarlet Honey Eater are used as money by the natives of the Solomon Islands. However, the "money" consists of only feathers that are shed by the living bird, and the birds are protected, else the money supply would soon become exhausted.

In Tartary, the Tibetans churn yak milk into butter, mold it into cubes, and use it as money.

According to the archives of Babylon, Assyria, Persia, India, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, bees were once quite important as "money producers." All taxes and tributes were levied in the form of payments of honey and wax.

Among natives of West Africa, the elephant's tail is held in highest esteem as currency, having been used as far back as 1600. While in other parts of Africa ivory tusks are used, and natives in the Fijis use whale teeth for currency.

In the early days, the New England Puritans used many things, including codfish, as legal tender.

—Jewell Casey

Dogs to Have a Day

IF a bill that is introduced into the House of Commons in England is passed this October, dogs in that country will receive more just treatment than they have hitherto. Heretofore, if a dog was taken in by the police and later sentenced to death, there wasn't a thing the owner could do to save his pet, even if the dog were innocent.

If the bill becomes a law, owners of dogs will have the right to take their cases through other courts, if not satisfied with the decision of a magistrate. The famous "Bobs" case called the attention of the whole of England to the injustice of the present law.

Bobs was a South London fox terrier. Two policemen pulled him out of a dog fight one day, and he is said to have snapped at one of them. Accordingly, he was sentenced to death as a ferocious animal. The Canine Defence League immediately briefed Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, one of the foremost lawyers in London, and appealed the case to the London Sessions.

It was a great case. When it came on for trial before Sir Robert Wallace and ten justices, the league hired carriages, and everybody from Bobs' neighborhood proceeded to court to testify to the dog's friendliness. Bobs went to trial as "the children's friend."

The two policemen were there to repeat their evidence, but Sir Henry Bennett picked Bobs up in his arms and made an eloquent plea for the dog's life. The justices set aside the conviction by the magistrates and freed Bobs. The animal was carried from the court amid such cheering as was seldom heard in a London court. Banners with the word "saved" upon them were unfolded outside the court, and Bobs was borne away to his home.

—H. E. Zimmerman

MIKE & MASIE by Andrew L. Peterson and Tom Farley



There—doesn't that beat scratching?

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

WE should have known better. After all, we've had "Mr. Blue" long enough to know that he'd almost rather show off than eat. Furthermore, he's not show stock. His legs are too short—his body too long, and he's definitely on the roly-poly side.

It was Joe Haynes, handler and trainer, who declared that we were shirking our duty by not showing him.

"After all," he said, "in this show that's coming up, it's performance that counts and Mr. Blue, with a little training, has what it takes to bring home the ribbons. Let me take him for a couple of weeks and I'll give you a winner."

A couple of weeks! Why, Mr. Blue had never been away from home for more than a few hours in his life; the very thought of separation was almost more than we could bear. But, in the end, vanity and Joe Haynes had their way and Mr. Blue went away to school.

At the conclusion of the two weeks' training period, Mr. Blue could pose like a bathing beauty and retrieve any object light enough to carry. Moreover, he'd lost his bulges and was groomed until his blue-grey coat shone like polished granite.

Then came the big day. Naturally, we notified all of Mr. Blue's friends of the big event, and dressed in a new collar, he went forth to cover himself with glory.

There were only three other springers in the novice class, but they all looked good—too good.

"Mr. Blue hasn't a chance," I muttered, biting my nails.

Just then, the announcer began to speak. "Will Joe Haynes, number thirteen, handler of Mr. Blue, owned by Mrs. Morris of Cucamonga, bring his dog to the center ring? Will Joe Haynes..."

Joe Haynes stepped proudly into the ring, holding a stiff rein on Mr. Blue. Back and forth—back and forth they trotted. We could tell Mr. Blue was loving it. His head was up, his tail out, his gait a poem of coordinated motion.

The judge was watching him closely; Joe Haynes glanced at us and smiled.

Just then, one of Mr. Blue's youthful admirers arrived on the scene. "Hey, Mom," he cried with ear-splitting fervor, "there's Mr. Blue! Hi, Mr. Blue! Hi!"

Mr. Blue stopped in the middle of his performance to say, "Hi!" in a short, strangled bark. The judge frowned. Joe Haynes tugged on the chain and commanded Mr. Blue to stand, but Mr. Blue had an audience and meant to make the most of it. Instead of standing, he stood on his head and peered at his public through spread hind legs.

It was very funny and everybody, except the judge, Joe Haynes and Mr. Blue's owners, laughed.

In a split second Joe was on his knees, boosting Mr. Blue to a standing position. In that second the chain slipped from his fingers and so did Mr. Blue. Snatching up a water pan, and spilling water down his front, Mr. Blue ran round and round the ring, tossing his head, rolling his eyes—showing off!

I glanced fearfully at the judge, whose face had turned a brilliant tomato red. He was motioning to the announcer with thumbs down.

"Will Joe Haynes please remove that clown from the ring?" the announcer said. "This is a dog show, not a circus."

My face burned. If Mr. Blue had been of my own flesh and blood, I couldn't have been more ashamed.

"Give the dog another chance!" one of Mr. Blue's friends shouted, but the judge was through with Mr. Blue and so was Joe Haynes.

"Here's your dog," the handler said, dropping the chain into my hand. "He's certainly made a monkey out of me. He's ruined my reputation, that's what he's done."

Mr. Blue sat down on the hot asphalt and got up quickly. From somewhere, deep within his sleek sides there came a low, rumbling "woof" that seemed to say, "Oh, yeah! Well, any dog with an ounce of sense can trot around a ring, but it takes a real showman to make folks laugh."

And I, leading him away, thought so, too.

November 1947

"Mr. Blue," The Show—Off

by Ina Loney Morris



Mr. Blue shows what he learned while in training.



"Scout" and his mistress.

The \$64 Question

By BEATRICE N. PHIPPS

SCOUT, small white terrier, believed in love and fully demonstrated the truth of the saying, "Love is stronger than Death." Fortunately the dog didn't have to die to prove it—but he came mighty near it.

The sixty-four dollar question in this story is "How did Scout do it?" He had only seen the hospital once, the day his master drove his wife to it, Scout being in the car with them. Afterwards, his master drove him back to Oshawa where Scout was born, to stay with his sister until his wife recovered. Three days later Scout disappeared.

Frantic and fearful of worrying his sick wife who was devoted to the little dog, his master advertised, phoned the Humane Society—did everything he could—but all in vain. Then he fell to watching the advertisements every night. After a long vigil of about three weeks, he finally spotted one that looked promising. He contacted the advertiser and was overjoyed to find his search had ended.

But, what a poor little wreck of a dog met his eyes. The kindly people who had befriended the dog noticed a sick little dog around the hospital in their vicinity and took him home. Scout's little feet were raw and bleeding from traveling the long distance of 135 miles from Oshawa to the Western Hospital, Toronto, where he had last seen his adored mistress, and his collar and tag were gone.

Nursed back to health, Scout was frantic with joy the day his beloved mistress returned home.

Dog's Life of Reilly

By H. P. BEHNKE

THE old saying about "leading a dog's life" implies that the person talked about really has it tough. But that has lost its meaning, for a dog's life is now something to write home about. A good many of the large department stores have a special place for the dog supplies and various garments that an up-to-date pup should have. Pet shops, too, carry all sorts of expensive luxuries for dogs, with an appeal more to the owners than to the dogs themselves. Women owners of dogs seem to go in for the latest in fashions with which to dress up their canine pets.

Some of the items of clothing for the well-dressed dog are fancy caps, jackets and even mittens and rubber galoshes to keep his feet dry on a rainy day. Then there are different types of perfume to give him that "right" smell and special snippers to trim his nails to the right length. And believe it or not, there is even an anti-halitosis mouth wash, so that the dog won't be one of the nine whom even their best friends won't tell about it.

Recent statistics show that the yearly sale of dogs runs around one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, while about six hundred millions are spent for the upkeep of our canine pals. This amount is nearly as much as is spent in the whole United States for higher education.

And some of this money spent on dogs keeps up a club for them which has its

own private swimming pool for that personal dip. Sun treatments are also available to "tan their hide" and give it that healthy, outdoor look, just in case the poor pup may be confined in an apartment a great deal of the time. If the dog is less ambitiously inclined, then he can rest in peace beneath the shade of huge umbrellas. For the lady dog, there is a beauty parlor that takes care of all the things she needs to look her best.

So it can well be seen that a dog's life isn't what it used to be in the good old days, when he slept outside in a kennel or under the porch with only his own fur to protect him against the weather. And he was washed with a good, strong laundry soap and not the delicately scented soap that is sold today. More and more the dogs are coming into their own, as well cared for household pets and being treated a little more royally in some extreme cases.

And dogs are making the grade even on the radio and television. It wasn't so long ago that a dog was on a British television program. It was a non-barking dog (there are such things) called the Basenji and came all the way from Central Africa.

Then too, Admiral Nimitz's famous dog appeared on a radio program through a national hook-up and did a "singing" act with Mrs. Nimitz accompanying him on the piano.

The dogs are getting "doggy."

Odd • Facts • in • Rime

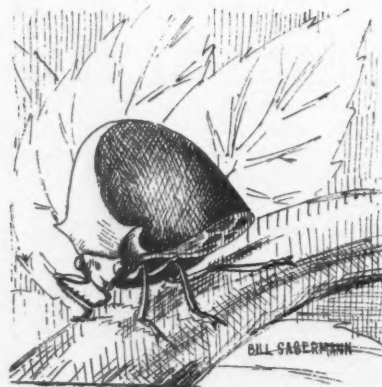
By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Sagermann

Tiny Masquerader

*The buffalo tree hopper skips
Along the trunks of trees;
He's like a tiny buffalo,
And sassy as you please.*

*His costume, too, is like a leaf,
And in the morning dew,
Unless we look quite carefully,
He'll fool both me and you.*



You Figure It Out

IF a certain dog in Berkeley, Calif., could talk, he could clear up a mystery that has baffled not only his master, but many of the city's natives as well. As the story goes, the dog and his aged companion drifted into Berkeley some time ago. They were a homeless pair, but a place for them to live eventually was found.

One day the old man broke the frame to his reading glasses and for two days he tried to read by holding one of the lenses to his eye. The dog was a silent observer. He sensed that his old master was having a hard time of it, and one day he disappeared early in the morning. The dog, "Happy," according to the old gentleman, took off as though prompted by an impulse the moment he opened the door to let him out. Came evening and the old man went to the door to retrieve his paper. On top of it he found a pair of spectacle frames which bore marks showing that the dog had carried them. The amazing angle is that the frames were the right type and the lenses fit perfectly.

No one in the neighborhood reported the loss of the frames and no optician reported selling them to a dog. How come? That's the mystery! "But," says the old man, "it definitely does show that dogs are smart."

—Stephen J. Schmeidl



Dog Confirms Identity

FOR centuries dogs have appeared in court, usually to stand trial for supposed viciousness or as neighborhood pests. However, in Astoria, Oregon, a dog was recently hailed into court to prove his own identity.

It all started when Louis Wiggen died a few years ago and bequeathed the sum of \$1,000 for the support of his dog "Spike," so long as the animal should live. There was a good deal of publicity about the will and even Uncle Sam stepped in to collect an \$11.36 inheritance tax on the canine's legacy.

The inheritance tax, along with a photograph of Spike, was filed at the Oregon state capital. The Capitol building caught fire and among the burned documents were Spike's identification photo and papers connected with his legacy.

According to demands of the Law, Spike was taken before the county court in order to prove he was the same dog to which the cash had been left and to decide if the monthly allowance of \$10.00 for his support was to be continued. In due legal form, Spike was reidentified and the allowance was resumed much to the satisfaction of Oregon dog lovers and Spike's two-legged human friends.

—John G. Reynolds

November 1947



Long Branch Independent

"Cat" paces the fence-top, guarding her family in the vines.

Smart "Cat"

By JESSIE BRADFORD BOND

HER real name was "Cat"—the only name she was ever known by. A resident of Long Beach, California, Cat was a big, gray, scrappy feline, the latter characteristic being mainly due to the fact that she was expecting a family in the near future.

The question which kept turning over in her mind was how to protect her babies when they came. That was going to take all the ingenuity she possessed as there were about fifteen dogs prowling around the neighborhood and they were forever chasing her. She simply must find a safe nest for her helpless progeny.

Apparently she set her mind to the problem for after a day or two the answer came to her. She sprang upon a high board fence and from that burrowed her way into the gloomy crackling depths of a bougainvillea vine. The dogs policed the ground below in stiff-legged disappointment.

And in the depths of that vine, Cat had her kittens. Now she proudly paces the fence-top and spits spitefully at anything coming too close for the safety of her babies. Her mistrust includes, not only the fifteen dogs, but people in automobiles, and even a kind little girl named Marian, who is afraid the kittens might drop through the vines.

However, Cat's owner, Mrs. Buely, explained to Marian that where the vines were matted together, they made little platforms about eighteen inches wide, where the kittens could be born, and stay until Cat thinks they are large enough to be brought out.

Everyone can hear the kittens mewling, but no one knows how many there are for they are too afraid of Cat's sharp claws to climb up and see. The best they can do is to see that Cat has plenty of good food and cool water and trust to her instinct in rearing her brood.



Sign Language By IVA BAKER WILSON

My dog and I can understand
Without a spoken word;
A sign will clarify command,
My dog and I can understand
His wagging tail, my pointing hand,
By motions we are stirred.
My dog and I can understand
Without a spoken word.

My dog, I know he understands
When eyes with tears are blurred;
He huddles close and licks my hands;
My dog, I'm sure he understands.
He tries to loosen sorrow's bands
As though a sob he heard;
My dog, I know he understands
Without a spoken word!

"Let Sleeping



Position is everything in life—or perhaps his nose was cold.

Photo by John D. Hanlon



This little dog fooled us. She should have been asleep

One head east, the other west and a little south. Here are two that are going to be a little stiff when they wake up.

Photo by Seldon Morran



A perfect fit for a good sound sleep. No twin beds, please!

Photo by Earl J. Stephenson

ing Dogs Lie"



been asleep in her hammock, but curiosity got the better of her.

U. S. Navy Photo



U. S. Coast Guard Photo

"Sinbad," famous mascot of the U. S. Coast Guard, "sacks in" in his specially made sea hammock.



A cheerful little cap full—anything makes a good bed, just as long as it is comfortable.



There's nothing like a good army cot for peaceful repose.

U. S. Coast Guard Photo



"Tippy," pet of Director John R. Macomber, poses atop statue at Mr. Macomber's home.

"Quiz of Two Cities"

REPRESENTATIVES of our Society recently scored a victory over contestants from the Animal Rescue League of Providence, when the two teams vied with each other over that well-known program, "Quiz of Two Cities." The program is broadcast locally over Station WNAC, The Yankee Network.

The winning team was composed of Miss Dorothy Broderick, Miss Eleanor Holth, Dr. David L. Coffin and William A. Swallow.

This was the second occasion within a few years that our Society took part in one of these quiz shows and each time a good delegation of employees journeyed to the studio to cheer for the home team.



Motorcycle Reaches Syria

PICTURED to the right is Mr. N. B. Matta and a friend, ready to set out on a speaking tour into the far reaches of Syria.

Such trips as this have been made possible by the gift of the motorcycle by two friends of our Society. Formerly Mr. Matta had to confine himself to nearby towns and villages.

Mr. Matta is our representative in Syria and for many years he has distributed humane literature and has talked before groups and to individuals in an effort to teach the people of his country the advantages accrued through kindness to their animals, be they pets or beasts of burden.

Mr. Matta also speaks before school assemblies, forming many Bands of Mercy throughout the land and has also handled various complaints of cruelty that have been reported to him.



"Tillie," a Lapland Terrier, owned by a friend of our Society.



PHOTO CONTEST

In a search for "story-telling pictures," we are announcing our annual photographic contest to end June 15, 1948.

Cash prizes amounting to \$95 and ten additional prizes of subscriptions to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** are offered for clear, outstanding photographs of wild or domestic animals and birds.

The contest is open to all, either professional or amateur, but entries will be accepted only from those who have taken the photographs.

PRIZES

First Prize	\$25.00
Second Prize	15.00
Third Prize	5.00
Ten \$3.00 prizes	
Ten \$2.00 prizes	

Write to Contest Editor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., for further details.

Outdoor Tea

This is our invitation.

Come to our place for tea.

*We live beneath the boughs
Of a great oak tree.*

A white stone is our table,

Acorn cups our dishes,

We send a welcome to you

With the very best of wishes.

Our tea is cool and fragrant

From a nearby bubbling spring;

For music we have solos

Feathered songsters sing.

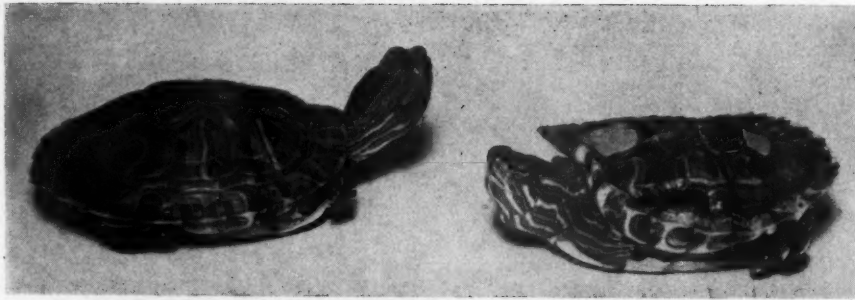
Butterfly and buzzing bee

Keep us company.

Nuts fall down for you and me.

Woodland friends, come to our tea.

—Marie Z. Jelliffe



Normal Cumberland Terrapin (left) and one that is deformed because it had been painted. The shell is uneven, rough, and twisted upward at the edges.

Turtle Cruelty

Quotations and pictures from "Reptiles and Amphibians" by permission of the Philadelphia Zoological Garden

THE problem of commercialism as it applies to the animal world is an ever-present source of anxiety to any animal protection society. In attempting to alleviate the lot of these hapless animals, that have become victims of man's greed for money, societies, more often than not, run into a blank wall when trying to prove that cruelty exists where the indiscriminate use or sale of animals is involved.

One of the most difficult cases, and one that involves tens of thousands of animals each year, is the sale of baby turtles.

According to Roger Conant, Curator of the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, in his treatise entitled "Reptiles and Amphibians," baby turtles are by far the most popular of reptilian or amphibian pets.

"Tens of thousands are sold in pet stores and five-and-tens every year. And, of all the great army of these creatures that become household pets, relatively few survive and a mere sprinkling ever mature. Some die from natural causes, but the vast majority succumb simply because they do not obtain the proper care." So says Curator Conant and continues:

"If you receive a baby turtle and its shell is covered with enamel, the most important thing to do is to remove this coating at the earliest possible moment. Flake it off with a knife or razor blade. Do not use paint remover!

"A turtle's shell is living tissue and it grows just the same as the rest of the animal. Enamel is inert and, by sticking to the shell, it usually causes deformation and arrested growth. In extreme cases it may even bring death."

The accompanying illustrations show a normal baby turtle with its natural shell of beautiful coloring and formation;

a turtle whose shell has been painted and, in consequence, grown in a warped, rough and twisted manner; and still another turtle with its shell painted in a grotesque manner.

With the above evidence from an accredited authority, we feel confident that the general public will agree that there must be some cruelty involved in the sale of these baby turtles as pets and in the painting of their backs merely for commercial purposes.

The very fact that death occurs through lack of proper care and through arrested growth caused by the paint is evidence sufficient that commercialism for pleasure, as it pertains to the animal world, should be exterminated from our civilization.

After all, it must be remembered that the trapping of baby turtles on such a wholesale scale for distribution as pets, plays an important part in the eventual complete extinction of these creatures in the scheme of life.

It is our belief that the keeping of baby turtles as pets is merely a commercial project foisted upon a gullible public. After all, such a creature does not make an adequate pet as we understand the word.



The person who painted Orphan Annie didn't even spare her tail.

"Lonesome" Bailed Out

NEARLY a year ago, a short-legged, yellow dog chanced to roam into a friendly residential section on Chicago's busy south side. There was something about the dog that enabled him to make friends. Perhaps people liked him because he was strictly a mutt, with legs that were too short for his body, poor coloring, and so many blood strains that he could not be properly classified as any other than just "plain dog." However, the neighborhood adopted him and, although he had no particular home, the little dog became a friend to all and a close pal of the children who called him "Lonesome."

Things went well for Lonesome for nearly a year and he thrived on the kind attention of at least 12 young masters. Then out of a clear sky another dog picked on Lonesome, someone tried to interfere and was bitten. Lonesome was accused and before long the police were searching the neighborhood for him.

They couldn't find him. Somehow the young friends of the dog managed to get him out of sight whenever a policeman appeared, and, as a result, the hunters and the hidiers played tag for several days. Finally, an animal protective organization entered the search. Its representative, sensing the situation, put out a fair proposition for circulation among the dog's friends, and promised good treatment if they would bring the dog in for necessary observation.

Bright and early on the following day Lonesome was brought in. For 12 days the children awaited the results and finally were told that he could be released but there would be a \$15 charge for veterinary service and board.

Fifteen dollars was and is a lot of money for a group of children ranging from 5 to 13 years of age, but they went to work raising what they called a "Fund for Lonesome." They visited their neighbors, cleaned out basements, sold old newspapers, and on the day set for the dog's release, nine tired but happy youngsters walked into the relief shelter and turned in \$15 in nickels, dimes and pennies.

They say the bailed-out Lonesome was so happy to see his young friends that he sat and howled for five minutes. And the children were happy, too. One little girl expressed the feeling of the group when she said: "We're so happy to have him back we could cry. You know he has two names. One is 'Lonesome'—on account of that's the way he looks. And the other is 'Uncle Dick.' I don't know where that came from."

—John G. Reynolds

Mass. S. P. C. A. Exhibit

AN outstanding exhibit of humane activities was presented by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at the Eastern States Exposition held recently in Springfield. The little old red schoolhouse in Storowton was taken over by our Springfield Branch, and the various programs of humane work carried on by the Society were featured, including the hospital, investigating agents' work, humane education and radio.

The schoolhouse, with its initial-carved desks and seats clustered about the tiny iron stove contrasted sharply with the modern facilities of present-day schools, as the youthful visitors absorbed through effective demonstration the character-building programs and the oldsters marveled at present-day methods of teaching and reminisced about their school days of long ago.

The message of kindness was transmitted to 57,000 people, of which about a quarter were children, as this vast number of people filed through the building throughout the week. More than 2,000 copies of *Our Dumb Animals* magazine were given away and 12,000 pieces of humane literature were distributed.

President Hansen expressed his appreciation to Mrs. Schuyler V. Herron, supervisor of Storowton, for her interest in the Society's work and for making the little red schoolhouse available to us.



Interior of schoolhouse, built in Whately, Mass., in 1810, an appropriate setting for the S. P. C. A. exhibit, as the tenets of humane education are expanding in schools throughout the country.

Society News

Old Horse

THE police brought to the attention of our Society the case of an old brown gelding, blind and improperly sheltered. The owner said that his brother fed and watered the horse night and morning, but they were unable to put any flesh on the animal. The agent advised that the horse be put to sleep, because of its age and blindness. The owner was brought before the clerk of court twice, and has promised to have the animal put to sleep. Last fall our agent was called to investigate when this same horse fell into the river.



Kitten Walled Up

A MAN who was making some repairs around his house walled up his porch and later could hear a kitten crying but could not find it. Our agent was called in and decided that the kitten was behind the new wall. The man was told that he would have to tear out a place to allow the kitten to escape. This was done, and the animal was removed and returned to its owner.

Springfield Area



Welcoming visitors to the Mass. S. P. C. A. exhibit in the little old red schoolhouse.



Dog Left on Highway

OUR officer was called in, in the case of the abandonment of a dog. It seems that two men had called at the home of the complainant and asked if she would take the dog. One of the men said he owned the animal and intended to get rid of it. The woman to whom they offered the animal said she was not able to take it. The owner then said he would get rid of it and removed the license tag and left the dog in the street. The animal was taken in by a neighbor who saw it running up and down the street as though lost. The sheriff was called, and he in turn brought our Society into the case.

On calling at the defendant's place of employment our officer was told by him that he tried to give the dog to a woman, but when she refused to take it he gave it to someone else. However, he could not give the name of the farmer with whom he was supposed to have left the dog, so a complaint for abandonment was taken out in court. A fine of \$5.00 was imposed by the court. The animal was taken to our Society headquarters.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

s and Service

Boston Area



Warning by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

THE Massachusetts S. P. C. A., as it does each year, issued a warning to returning vacationists against abandoning their pets at summer resorts. Sometimes families adopt a pet while at their summer homes, but when they return to the city they leave the animal to shift for itself. This is a very cruel practice, and arrangements should always be made for the pet's comfort. If it is not possible for the family to take the animal home, the nearest humane society will always respond to their call for help.

Mr. Howard Willand, prosecuting officer of the Society, is shown posting one of the placards, which have been placed at various resorts throughout the Commonwealth, with the help of little Diane Gordon of Somerville and her pet kitten.



Dog Abandoned

CALLED to investigate a case of abandonment, our officer found that a man and woman had gone away, leaving behind their 16-year-old daughter and their dog. The daughter had been cared for by neighbors, but the dog had been locked in the house for four days without food or water.

The officer contacted the police, asking them to try to locate the owner. The dog was in such a weakened condition that it was removed to Society headquarters and put to sleep.

November 1947

Found Guilty

A CASE of wanton cruelty was reported to our Society in connection with the shooting of a dog. Our agent interviewed the accused man, who admitted shooting the dog because it came onto his property, although he admitted that the dog did not bother his chickens in any way. He had told the police that he would shoot any cat or dog which came onto his property, and had been warned against carrying out his threat. However, when a dog wandered onto his land, the man shot and killed it. A neighbor who witnessed the shooting claimed that the dog had been shot several times before it died. The defendant finally admitted that he had fired several shots and that the dog lived for fifteen or twenty minutes afterwards. The body was therefore disinterred and it was found that the dog had been hit seven times. The man was brought into court, found guilty and given three months in the House of Correction.



Send in your Christmas subscriptions to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**. Make up your list now, so that copies will be sure to arrive in time.



Dr. Todd O. Munson, member of the veterinary staff of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., examines a patient, while Linda Hession and Lee Hession anxiously look on.

Not Malicious

AS evidence that many people are unkind or cruel to their animals, not by malicious intent, but rather through sheer ignorance of the needs of animals, we cite the following:

A complaint was received that a man kept a German shepherd dog tied up, on the fourth-floor porch, all the time. Our agent called and found the dog in the house. It was in good condition. The owner's wife said that she does tie it on the porch at times to keep it from going into the street. However, when children are around they keep the dog in the yard with them. The agent explained that it was not a proper place for the dog to be tied for any length of time, as the porch is too small. He suggested that she have a long wire put up with a trolley on it so that she could put the dog out in the yard where he would get plenty of exercise.

Our agent investigating a report that a man was not giving his horse proper feed or care, found a thin bay saddle horse, which the man had purchased ten days before. The owner said that he had already fed it 160 pounds of horse feed, together with plenty of hay; that the horse was tied out in the pasture all day, and at night it was tied under the pines, where it is sheltered. The man and his family all appeared to think a good deal of the horse, but knew nothing about its proper care. Our officer recommended that the animal be boarded at some reliable stable. This was done.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Boys and Girls

NOW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course, we cannot promise to print everything received, but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.

The Fawn

By Sally Ward

*Beneath the first golden moon,
A little fawn was born.
The buck stood proudly by,
Daring anyone to hurt the little fawn.*

*Large brown velvet eyes, that looked about with wonder;
Silky coat of golden brown,
Sharp pointed hoofs that would dance so nimbly along.*

*The buck and the doe were here to abide
Till the little fawn could walk with them
to green pastures and glens.*



"Skippy"

By Martha Garlando (Age 12)

ONE day I was passing a pet shop and in the window I saw a cute little white mouse. I wanted him so much that I bought him.

I took him home and no one liked him but me. I named him "Skippy." He was all white and his ears, eyes and tail were pink.

After awhile my grandfather brought home a box for him. He soon became quite a pet.

He nibbled on cardboard boxes, and he ate flies, lettuce, cheese, etc.

Sometimes I took him to the park and he had fun.

The children I knew liked him too. Skippy had a little brush and every day he was brushed clean.

Sometimes he would stand on his hind legs and beg. He would also climb on our clothesline when I put it in the house.

One day I took him to the country and he liked it very much.

I cried and cried when he died, but it was no use, for that was the end of my little Skippy.

"Rip Van Winkle"

By Anne Marie Looney (Age 10)

ONE night my sister had a party. It broke up about ten o'clock. As we walked home with the kids that came, we saw a very cute puppy. We patted him, and he followed us a long way. We kept him with us until we got back to the place where we found him. Then we told him to go away. Instead he followed us to our house. We called up the police, but no report had come in about him. That night we named him "Rip Van Winkle." We called him "Rip" for short. We could not keep him because our other dog had just died with distemper, and the germ was still in the house. We had the dog about a week when he strayed off, and we could not find him.

We now have our seventh dog. Her name is "Honey," and we have already had her over to the hospital.

"White Mittens"

By Gretchen Dietz (Age 8)

MY Angora kitten, "White Mittens," when she was about one year old began to get interested in my piano practicing. When I play the piano she will jump up on top and lie there purring contentedly till I am finished. Then she will jump to the floor and go to sleep somewhere else until my next practice period. My mother says it is because she enjoys feeling the vibration, but I think she likes the music.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

CHILDREN'S PAGE



A Pet Grown Up

By LOIS SNELLING

*You once were such a tiny bird,
No bigger than my hand;
But now you're half as tall as I,
When by my side you stand.*

*You used to have the smallest voice,
And sang, "Pe-peep, pe-peep,"
But now it's "Gobble-gobble-gob,"
In a voice from way down deep.*

*I used to love that tiny bird
That sang his peeping song,
And just as much I love him now . . .
So big and tall and strong!*

Why do white sheep eat more than black sheep?
Because there are more of them.

November 1947

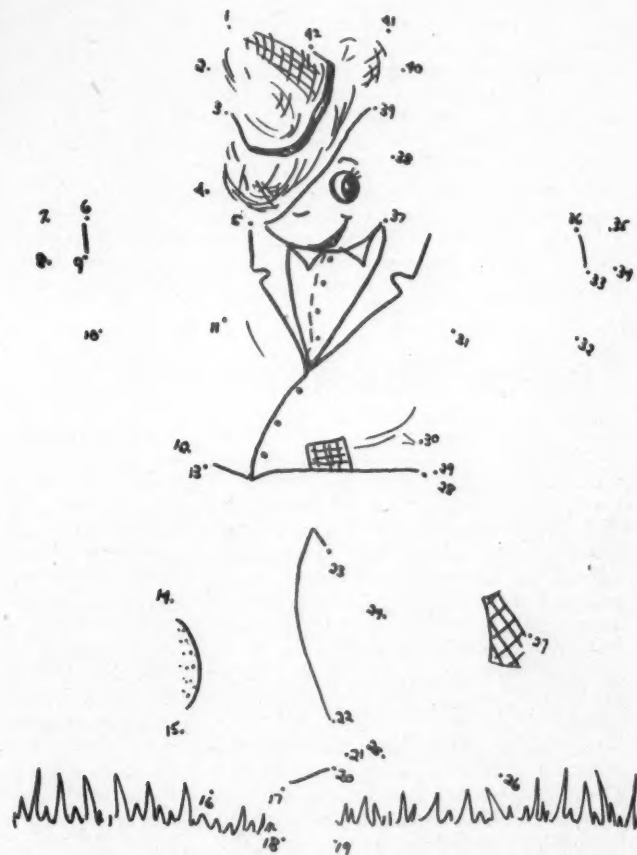
Squirrel's Tree Game

THE children are trees and each one's hands clasped in front of him is a hollow trunk. The one who is a squirrel pretends to place a nut or other small object in the hands of one player after another. The first to guess who has the nut, becomes the new squirrel. Of course, the one who really has it must not guess.

—Marianne Ketchum

"Funny Face"

TO find out what Funny Face really is, start at one and connect lines to forty-two. You'll be surprised!



17



Tribute to the Horse

By JOHN ADOLPH DANIELSON

TO me it has always seemed that the horse is one of the Creator's finest gifts to mankind. When He had made the world He viewed it and said It Was Good. When He had created the horse He might have declared: A MASTER-PIECE! Truly, the Maker favored the horse, for not only did He give him the comeliest lines but He endowed him with qualities that are most universally esteemed—Power, Speed, Intelligence. *** Even in this age of machines we still measure mechanical strength in horse-power. And we may possess the high-sounding degrees of our great Universities and yet fall short of that rare mental balance commonly known as good horse-sense. *** But consider, too, the

unfeigned majesty, the modest pride of this handsome creature. His very bearing indicates that he is aware of his noble rank. No occasion is so stately that his presence does not add stateliness to it. Whatever civilization can boast he has helped to build. Our machine age may go the way of all cycles; the horse belongs to all ages. He has been man's most consistent friend up through the centuries and been loved and lauded by the best of them—a theme for artists and inspiration to poets the world over. "God forbid," said Cunninghame-Graham, Scottish lyric poet, "that I should go to any heaven where there were no horses."



Canine Philanthropist . . . By TED BRYAN

GIVING" had always been recognized as one of the greatest characteristics of a dog. History is replete with stories of unselfish and unstinted love and devotion given by dogs to their masters. But seldom has giving been carried to the material degree as is reported in the story of a nondescript little mongrel in Kingsport, Tennessee. This little dog, under the veil of anonymity, has been dropping dollar bills at the feet of bewildered Kingsport residents.

One man reports that while he was standing outside a drug store he saw a scrawny, hungry looking dog running across the street towards him. The dog stopped and calmly deposited a one dollar bill at his feet.

Another report says that a group were

engaged in conversation while standing on one of Kingsport's busy thoroughfares when an insignificant looking little dog stopped by them, apparently holding something in his mouth. After looking at them a moment the dog dropped a dollar bill on the sidewalk at their feet.

No one knows for sure whether the two incidents are related or even whether they were brought about by the same dog. Nor do they know whether the source is a possible hidden cache the dog knows about or whether the bills were merely found on the streets. But all agree that it is strange behavior for a dog and that it would be nice indeed to meet the generous little fellow. And, better still, it would be fine to own such a thrifty canine with the philanthropist streak.

OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors four distinct radio programs.

In Boston and Springfield, "Animals in the News" is broadcast by William A. Swallow each Saturday, at 1:00 P.M., over WBZ and WBZA—1030 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Albert A. Pollard each Saturday, at 10:30 A.M., over WMEX—1510 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animaland" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday at 8:45 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

In Springfield, "S. P. C. A. Time" is broadcast by Charlena Kibbe each Tuesday, at 2:15 P.M., over WSPR—1270 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!

Newspapers Needed

WE are very much in need of old newspapers to be used in our Hospital. We hope our good friends will respond to this appeal as they have so generously done in the past. Please do not throw away your old papers. Save them for us. We can put them to good use.



BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK will be celebrated May 3-9 in 1948, with Humane Sunday on May 9. Begin now to make plans to observe this Week.



The daughter of a good friend of our Society with her two goats "Twinkle" and "Happy."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

HUMANE LITERATURE

For Sale by the **AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY**
and the **MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.**
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

Please enclose remittance with orders. Price includes postage.

Titles in bold-face type are of books or booklets.

Our Dumb Animals, monthly publication of our Societies, \$1 per year.

Colored Posters, 17 x 22 inches 5 cts. each

About the Horse

Black Beauty, Sewell, attractively illustrated cloth \$1.00
Care of the Horse \$1.25 per 100
The Horse's Prayer30 " "
The Bell of Atri, poem by Longfellow .. .50 " "

About the Dog

Beautiful Joe, Saunders cloth \$1.00; and 65 cts.
Eulogy on the Dog, by Vest, post-card .. \$0.50 per 100
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Distemper in Dogs, Dr. Schneider75 " "
Humane Education Leaflets, Nos. 3 and 450 " "
"Don" and His Boy Scout Friends, J. P. Lyons50 " "
Boots' Day, play, for two boys and three girls 3 cts. each; five for 10 cts.

About the Bird

The Birds of God, 318 pp., illus. cloth, \$0.45
Humane Education Leaflets, Nos. 1 and 2 \$0.50 per 100
How the Birds Help the Farmer50 " "
The Air-Gun and the Birds50 " "

About the Cat

Care of the Cat \$0.75 per 100
The Cat in Literature50 " "
"The Beggar Cat," post-card, 6 cts. doz. .50 " "
Cats Deserve Your Care50 " "

About Other Animals

First Aid to Animals, Dr. Schneider, 8 pp. \$1.50 per 100
How to Kill Animals Humanely, 4 pp. .. .75 " "
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 6, Animals50 " "
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 7, Farm Animals50 " "
Ways of Kindness75 " "
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Cruelty at Eastertime75 " "
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The Jack London Club

Michael Brother of Jerry, Jack London, cloth, 75 cts.
What is the Jack London Club? \$0.30 per 100
Foreword from "Michael Brother of Jerry"30 " "
Films, Fakes and Facts, Helen Trevelyan, 4 pp.50 " "

Humane Education

The Relation of the Home to Character Formation, Dr. Francis H. Rowley Sample Free
Humane Education and Spiritual Values, Dr. Rowley Sample Free
Lessons in Kindness each, 5 cts.; \$3.50 per 100
The Teacher's Helper in Humane Education, 32 pp. each, 10 cts.
An Early Start to Kindness, Lucia F. Gilbert, 48 pp. For first and second grades each, 5 cts.
The Humane Idea, Dr. Francis H. Rowley cloth, 35 cts.
Friends and Helpers (selections for school use) Sarah J. Eddy cloth, \$1.20
"Be Kind to Animals" pennants each, 25 cts.
Friends of Fur and Feather 3 cts. each; 10 for 25 cts.
The B-K-T-A-Club, play, 3 cts. each; 10 for 25c
"And a Little Child Shall Lead Them," play 3 cts. each; 10 for 25c
I'll Never Hunt Again, play, 3 cts. each; 5 for 10 cts.
Humane Education for the Atomic Age .. \$1.50 per 100
Humane Education the Vital Need, Dr. Rowley, short radio address, 2 cts. ea. .50 " "
Need of the Hour50 " "
"Be Kind to Animals" blotters 1.00 " "
Life of Francis of Assisi in Silhouettes, by Sister Fides Shepperson, Ph.D., 66 pages 50 cts.
Twenty Years of Be Kind to Animals Week, Guy Richardson 3 cts. each; 10 for 25 cts.

Band of Mercy

"Be Kind to Animals" Buttons, three styles—Humane Society, S. P. C. A., or Band of Mercy \$2.00 per 100
Buttons—white star, Band of Mercy, on blue ground with gilt letters and border 2 cts. each; 2.00 " "
Badges, gold finish, large 10 cts.
"Band of Mercy" pennant 25 cts.
Band of Mercy Membership Card50 per 100
How to Form Bands of Mercy50 " "
Band of Mercy Register 10 cts.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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